

TOOTS HIS OWN HORN

Mitchell Says No Fighter Has an Impenetrable Left.

SMALL MEN WHIP BIG MEN

Appreciates Corbett's Advantages in Fights and Reach. But Is Not Afraid of Him.

The death of my friend, George Alexander Baird, being known to the world as Squire Abingdon, will in no way affect my match with James J. Corbett for the world's championship. I have spurned Corbett's offer to let the side bet go and contend for a purse alone. I regarded it, in the light of his past vicious demands for an ample side stake, as a deliberate insult, a malicious shaft aimed at me at a time when I was well-nigh overcome with grief at the unexpected loss of a loyal friend, devoted counselor and unflinching helper.

Strange as it may appear to Mr. Corbett, I could have at any time obtained all the backing I desired outside of my deceased friend, Squire Abingdon, although not engaged in the show business, nor masquerading as an actor, nor traveling on my shape in any way. My father-in-law, George Washington, better known as "Pony" Moore, would gladly have backed me against James J. Corbett for ten thousand dollars at any time. One or two other personal friends offered to do the same thing, and as I have a little coin of my own there need never have been any fear that a battle would not occur by reason of any lack of "yellow backs."

So much confidence had my deceased friend Baird in my ability to beat Corbett that he wanted to back me for fifty thousand dollars a side against the Californian. When William H. Brady, Corbett's manager and representative, at one of our many conferences suggested that the side stakes be increased from ten thousand to fifty thousand dollars a side, Baird, although of a cool, phlegmatic temperament, could barely be restrained from jumping up and seizing the offer. I explained to him, however, in a whisper aside, that too large a side bet would be sure to attract the attention of officers of the law, and I demonstrated, besides, that for his entire forty thousand dollars he could win eighty thousand dollars instead of forty thousand dollars at the ring side, as Corbett, being the champion of America and the conqueror of the renowned John L. Sullivan, would certainly enter the ring a two to one favorite. Mr. Baird was a shrewd, keen business man



MITCHELL AND CORBETT.

[Showing their relative height] as well as a thorough sportsman, and he at once grasped my point and subsided.

Baird, be it known, was a warm admirer of the unfatigued gladiator and lion-hearted man of men, John L. Sullivan. When the king of fighters, broken down in health and a wreck of his former self, went down before the youthful and the lucky Corbett, Baird was deeply chagrined. Not that he cared a jot for the money he had lost on Sullivan, which was in the neighborhood of ten thousand pounds, but he felt grieved that so grand a man as Sullivan should be caught in his pugilistic old age by a shrewd manager and no less cunning fighter just as the aged and infirm king of the forest, the Neapolitan lion, is snared and set upon by the inferior beasts of the jungle.

Even after the defeat of Sullivan Squire Abingdon was continually after me to do battle with his conqueror. He believed that I could whip him, and was never satisfied until I had made overtures for a match. When that match was finally consummated Baird was the happiest man alive.

The real, genuine friendship and respect Squire Abingdon had for John L. Sullivan were shown at St. Louis a few weeks ago, when "Bully" and I packed up our differences and me up. Baird was, as a rule, unobtrusive and possessed superb self-control. When, however, Sullivan and I walked down, hand in hand, to the footlights he gave way to the most joyous applause and led the cheering which followed. When Sullivan spoke in terms of eulogy of your humble servant and wished him success in the coming contest Baird could hardly contain himself any longer, and rushed to shake John L. by the hand heartily, right then and there, even in the midst of the great Bostonian's speechmaking.

Now a final word regarding my \$10,000 deposit already up to fight Corbett. Some people, the fustian Mr. Corbett among them, affect to believe that the relation of my dead friend will claim that \$10,000 when the estate is settled up. That idea is a corker. The estate of George Alexander Baird is worth anywhere from \$15,000,000 up, and \$10,000 is a mere bagatelle in comparison. Baird's relatives would not divorce his memory by using for such a paltry sum. Besides, it would do them no good if they did. George Alexander Baird gave me that \$10,000 to place on myself, the understanding being that in case I defeated Corbett I was to have the \$10,000 stake money, besides the \$75,000 or \$100,000 prize, or whatever prize should be offered for the contest. No, there is no fear of the match not going on for any lack of side bet.

It is with extreme regret that I leave for England. I am completely overcome with business matters which I have here in America to attend to. When I speak of business affairs I do not refer to any attempts at acting, fading or masquerading in anything but my true guise. What I really mean is that I

have real business matters to look after, the same as any broker in Wall or Bond street, or any merchant in the dry goods district. I'll let other champions attend to "acting," such as "Gentleman Jack" and the like.

I will stay in England until September and do little if any work there, as I believe too much work makes a man stiff and stale. I will be back in America the first week in September and train three months assiduously near the club home where the contest will occur. I will get into the finest possible shape to battle and will have no excuse to offer should the title go against me. All I ask for is a fair field and no favor and that the better man win. I sincerely trust that my prospective adversary feels the same way. If he does the American public will, I confidently predict, be treated to a battle which will satisfy them from every standpoint.

Now a word as to that battle. It will not be the easy, one-sided affair that the partisans of each side look for. On the contrary, it will be a hard, determined struggle, and scientific throughout. Corbett has the advantage of me in height and reach. In other points I think we are about equal, although so eminent an authority as John L. Sullivan, who has fought us both, says that I am the harder hitter. Other things being equal, skill, speed and shiftness, hard hitting sometimes offsets superior height and reach.

Much has been said about Corbett's wonderful left hand. Like that of Peter Jackson's, many regard it as impenetrable, and think that an adversary will run up against a stone wall should he try to get past it. This is the veriest of nonsense. No man, no matter how clever he may be, has an impenetrable left. Tom Sayers was only five feet eight and a half inches, yet he could get by the great left hands of Bill Perry, and Tipton Slasher, and John C. Heenan, the American champion. Both were about six feet two inches in height. Sayers whipped Perry and fought a draw with Heenan. He got under their lefts and punished them terribly about their bodies. Jim Mac did the same to Tom King, who towered six inches above him, and whipped him handily at their first meeting. Mac was whipped by a fluke by the big fellow at their second meeting when he had his man all but out. Even your humble servant has beaten men who were as tall and as strong as Corbett, although I will admit they were not by any means as clever.

If tall men could by merely throwing out their left hands stop their adversaries and keep them at a distance and out of harm's way themselves, you would never see any matches between six footers and champions of ordinary height. Nature, however, so ordained it that the smaller men, who are generally thicker in build and stronger in proportion to their size, are better fighters and more capable of execution about the body. This in a measure offsets the punishment the smaller chap must necessarily receive about the head and face. But I am going on at too great length. Some day in next December will determine whether my theory is right or wrong.

Chas. W. Mitchell
WELL SETTLED.

A Case That Was Amably Disposed of Out of Court.

Uncle John Berry was an eccentric man with a large amount of common sense. Two of his townsmen, who had been lifelong friends, had a falling out. Abram Green was going to sue Benjamin Brown, while Brown threatened to bring a counter suit against Green, and the prospect was good for a long string of lawsuits. At this point friends intervened and persuaded the two men to leave the matter to Uncle John Berry. The old man consented to act as judge on two conditions: Neither of the disputants should employ a lawyer, and they should promise to abide by his decision.

To this they agreed, and Uncle John drew up a bond which they signed, agreeing to pay him two hundred dollars if they did not abide by his judgment.

After the papers were duly executed Uncle John took the contestants into a room from which every one else was excluded, and seating himself at the end of a table, told Green to sit at his right, facing Brown, who sat on the opposite side of the table.

Then he had Brown tell his story. If Green tried to interrupt him he was made to keep still. When Mr. Brown was done Mr. Green told his story, while Brown in turn was obliged to remain silent.

"Have either of you anything more to say?" asked the referee. Neither of them spoke.

Uncle John was silent for a minute. Then he held out a hand to each and said:

"My decision is that each of you pay me fifty cents and go home—fifty cents apiece, go home and say nothing more about this business."

They both began to expostulate. That was no way to settle the matter, they declared. They wanted to know which was right.

But Uncle John was firm. "My decision is," he repeated, "that each of you pay me fifty cents, go home and say nothing more about it, or else pay me two hundred dollars. I have your bond for that amount, and I know that you are good for it."

They paid the fifty cents, went home and ever after were good friends.—Youth's Companion.

THE OCEAN DRYING UP.

Conclusions Reached by Newton and Indorsed by Later Scientists.

Newton, the great Sir Isaac, surmised, although he could give no reason for the surmises he had reached, that in the course of time the earth would become perfectly dry. Other most notable De Verne, Hamilton (Prof. A. L.) and the younger Lyander, believed that eventually the earth would become as dry as the proverbial ship. Even in this day and age the theory has many adherents. At a recent meeting of the French Geological society M. Transchold, of Moscow, Russia, read a paper entitled "Non-invariability of the level of the ocean." It terminated with the following curious and interesting conclusions:

1. In proportion as certain parts of the earth's crust rise from the bottom of the sea above its level the latter must be lowered.

2. The surfaces of nearly all the continents and islands have at one time formed portions of the ocean's floor.

They have risen from the water partly because of the retreat of the water.

2. As continents are formed, one part of the waters of the sea is transported to them in the form of lakes, rivers, eternal snows, glaciers and organized substances. Owing to these actions the waters of the oceans have been constantly diminishing and their levels lowered correspondingly.

3. In proportion as the earth cools down ice accumulates near the poles and on the tops of mountains, water is taken more deeply into the surface of the terrestrial crust, the formation of hydrated minerals being manifested everywhere.

The result of these conclusions is that since all the water that ever existed may still exist in the form of perpetual ice, snow, hydrated minerals, etc., the waters of all oceans have been gradually disappearing, and that the lowering of the oceans is going on even at the present day, and faster perhaps than ever before.

LONDON'S BIG BEN.

The Largest Striking Clock in the Whole World.

Between the palace yard at Westminster and the top of the clock tower which marks the hours for parliament there are four hundred and twenty steps.

The clock from which Big Ben strikes the hour is, according to the Pall Mall Budget, the largest in the world. Looking at the dial from the northern footway of Great George street, or from the Embankment, it looks as if its diameter might be equal to the space that a man of medium size could cover with outstretched arms. This estimate hardly does the dial justice, for its diameter is twenty-three feet. From the ground the minutes on the dial look like ordinary minutes, and as if they were close together. As a matter of fact, they are a foot apart. The numerals are two feet long. The minute hand, with the counterbalance—the heavy end that projects beyond the center of the dial—is fifteen feet in length. This hand is so massive that during a snowstorm sometimes the clock is retarded by the weight of the flakes that alight upon it.

Twenty men could stand under Big Ben in a rainstorm and escape a wetting if the rain fell in an exact perpendicular and stayed where it fell. The new light at the top of the parliament tower is forty-three steps higher than Big Ben. The old light was twenty-four steps higher still. The new light is of two thousand candle-power. When the light is being fixed two men stand in the lantern, and they have plenty of room. This parliament light is now a conspicuous object in London.

ONE WAY TO TAME RATS.

Half Drove Them and Then Nursed Them Back to Life.

Five large gray rats are the peculiar pets of a man in the city, says the Philadelphia Press. The rodents evince great affection for him, following him about the house like dogs, run up his sleeve and come out at the breast, nestle around the rim of his hat and perform a variety of tricks such as leaping through a wire hoop and drawing a coach, four of them acting as horses and one as driver.

Asked how he had tamed the rats the man answered:

"It is very easy when you know how."

"Well, what is the how?"

"Simply, I trap a rat in a cage and then examine him carefully to see if he is young and not too vicious. Having selected a proper specimen I take him to the yard and drop him in a barrel half filled with water. If he tries to clamber up the sides I throw him back and keep him in the water until he is completely exhausted. When he is just about to go under I take him out, pour a little brandy down his throat with a syringe and take him to the store, where I wrap him in a piece of blanket, cuddle him and nurse him back to life. So grateful is he that he remains my slave forever after, fawns on me and becomes quite a pet."

Under the Pacific.

If the Pacific could be laid bare, we should have a most singular spectacle. There would be a number of mountains, with truncated tops scattered over it, and these mountains would have an appearance just the reverse of that presented by the mountains we see on shore. You know that the mountains on the shore are covered with vegetation at their bases, while their tops are barren or covered with snow; but these mountains would be perfectly bare at their bases, and all round their tops they would be covered with beautiful vegetation of coral polypes.

Profit-sharing.

The following list shows the number of profit-sharing establishments in the different countries: France, ninety-two; Austria, three; Sweden, four; Italy, four; Switzerland, sixteen; Germany, twenty-six; Belgium, five; United States, thirty-five; Portugal, one; Spain, one; England, sixty-four; Denmark, four; Holland, five; Russia, one, which makes a total of two hundred and fifty-five in all.

The Evolution.

Of medicinal agents is gradually relegating the old time herbs, pills, draughts and vegetable extracts to the rear and bringing into general use the pleasant and effective liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs. To get the true remedy see that it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup company only. For sale by all leading druggists.

My wife was confined to her bed for over two months with a very severe attack of rheumatism. We could get nothing that would afford her any relief, and as a last resort gave Chamberlain's Pain Balm a trial. To our great surprise she began to improve after the first application, and by using it regularly she was able to get up and attend to her household work. E. H. Johnson, of C. J. Knutson & Co., Kenosha, Minn., writes: "Fifty cent bottles for sale by F. J. Wurzburg, No. 58 Monroe street."

Elder S. S. Beaver, of McAllisterville, Juniata county, Pa., says his wife is subject to cramps in the stomach. Last summer she tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for it, and was much pleased with the speedy relief it afforded. She has since used it whenever necessary and found that it never fails. For sale by F. J. Wurzburg, druggist, No. 58 Monroe street.

This is What.

Buy Dr. Kich's German nerve pills for nervous people. Guaranteed to cure weak memory, loss of brain power, lost muscular, nightly awakenings and all nervousness to either sex. Price \$1.00 or six for \$5.00. Dullman's German Medicine company, Flint, Mich., sole agents for United States and Canada. Sold in

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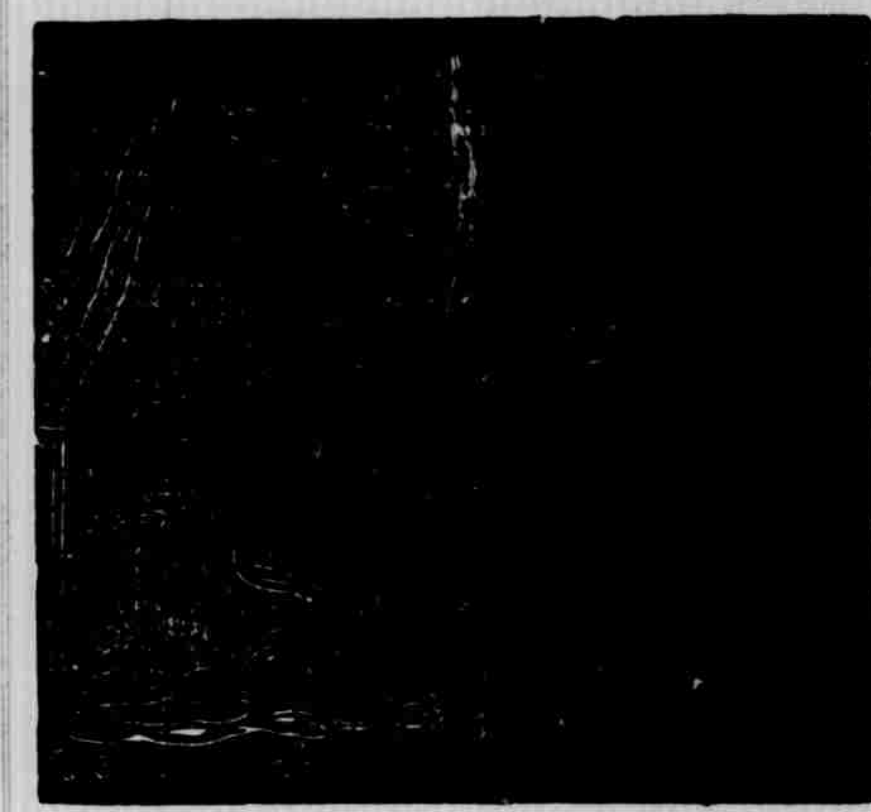
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As presented by Dr. Eddy before the leading scientific societies in England, Australia and France. Dr. Eddy was by them subjected to the most cruel test conditions. Then the manifestations which always take place in his presence are submitted to the cool, bright steel of scientific minds who experience no imagination and recognize nothing but fact. There is no one member among them but acknowledges that in the presence of Mr. Eddy there is a wonderful power and intelligence outside the physical body, which can assume human forms and annihilate distance. But what power is there is a diversity of opinion; some of them believe that this unseen intelligence are the spirits of our dead.

SPIRIT SLATE WRITING—The same as presented by Dr. Eddy before Professor William Crookes, F. R. S., and other prominent scientists of England.

A table rises from four to five feet and floats in mid-air. Spirits' hands and faces are plainly seen and recognized by friends. A guitar is played and passed around the room by the invisible power. Flowers are brought and passed to the audience by hands plainly seen. Bells are rung, harps are played and other tests of startling nature take place in the presence of these wonderful mediums.

A SMALL ADMISSION WILL BE CHARGED.

Grand Rapids by Scribner & Aldworth, No. 73 Monroe street.

A Contractor's Advice.

DULLAN'S MEDICINE Co.—Gentlemen: I take great pleasure in testifying in behalf of Dullman's Great German Blood, Liver, Stomach and Kidney Cure. I can safely say that I never took such medicine as that to cleanse the liver, stomach and kidneys. I was suffering for years with biliousness, indigestion and loss of appetite and sleep. One bottle did for me more good than six months' other treatment, and I feel it my duty to testify in its behalf, so others may try it and get cured.

Yours Truly,
WALTER E. RESSELL,
Contractor and Builder, Flint, Mich.
For sale at Scribner & Aldworth's drug store, 73 Monroe street.

A Positive Fact.

Ladies, do not delay your valuable time by waiting and suffering, but secure a bottle of Dullman's Great German Female Uterine Tonic and be cured of your monthly trouble either in old or young. It is the very best preparation I ever prescribed in my extensive practice. It has given the best results in the greatest number of cases of female troubles of any medicine I ever used. I do not make a practice of using or recommending patent medicines, but this remedy is prepared by a very competent physician and chemist of my acquaintance, and I can carefully and conscientiously recommend it as the best.

A. C. FRUTH, M. D.,
Specialist of Diseases of Women,
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For sale at Scribner & Aldworth's drug store, 73 Monroe street.

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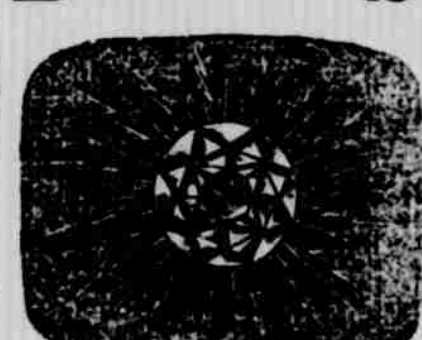
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